

# I LOVE A MYSTERY

"The Fear That Creeps Like A Cat"

Story 1      Episode 3



MUTUAL

I LOVE A MYSTERY

STORY I—EPISODE No. 3

"THE FEAR THAT CREEPS LIKE A CAT"

OCTOBER 5, 1949

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SOUND: (TRAIN WHISTLE, WITH TRAIN)  
ANNOUNCER: THE MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM PRESENTS "I LOVE A MYSTERY".  
SOUND: (TRAIN WHISTLE)  
MUSIC:.....ORGAN THEME..."VALSE TRISTE"  
SOUND: (SIREN—SCREECH OF BRAKES)  
ANNOUNCER: A NEW CARLTON MORSE ADVENTURE THRILLER ! "THE FEAR THAT CREEPS LIKE A CAT" !  
SOUND: (CLOCK STRIKES SEVEN)  
ANNOUNCER: SEVEN O'CLOCK AT NIGHT ON THE WATERFRONT OF PUGET SOUND SOMEWHERE AT THE FOOT OF SEATTLE. THE THREE FREEBOATERS JACK PACKARD, DOC LONG, AND REGGIE YORK HAVE LAUNCHED THEIR MILLION DOLLAR MANHUNT. ON EVIDENCE PRESENTED BY THE ESTATE OF ALEXANDER ARCHER, THE COURTS HAVE DECLARED HIM LEGALLY DEAD, BUT THE INSURANCE COMPANY BELIEVE HIM ALIVE AND HAVE HIRED THE TRIO TO FIND HIM AND BRING HIM BACK ALIVE. THERE IS A MILLION DOLLAR INSURANCE POLICY ON HIS LIFE, AND THERE IS A VICIOUS AND WELL-ORGANIZED GANG TRYING DESPERATELY TO BLOCK THE SEARCH FOR HIM. HALF AN HOUR AGO THE BOYS ELUDED THE MOBSTERS AT THEIR HOTEL AND ARE NOW COMPLETELY ENFOLDED IN FOG AND DARKNESS ON THE PUGET SOUND WATERFRONT.  
SOUND: (WATER LAPPING ON BULKHEAD) (FOGHORN IN BACKGROUND)  
DOC: (COMING TO MIKE) HEY, I S'POSE YOU KNOW WHERE WE'RE A-GOIN', JACK...  
JACK: WE MUST BE ALMOST THERE...WE KEEP WALKING ALONG THE DOCK UNTIL WE COME TO A WAREHOUSE SAYING, "BELTS IRON FOUNDRY LOADING DOCK".  
DOC: THAT'S SILLY...HOW WE A-GONNA SEE BELTS IRON FOUNDRY LOADING DOCK WHEN IT'S SO DARK YOU CAIN'T EVEN SEE YOUR HAND IN FRONT OF YOU.  
REGGIE: IT'S THIS BALLY FOG...  
JACK: THAT' WHY I STOPPED AT THE DRUGSTORE AND BROUGHT THESE FLASHLIGHTS...  
DOC: LOTTA GOOD THEY DO...  
REGGIE: BUT LOOK HERE, JACK, WHY ARE WE DOWN HERE ?  
JACK: WE'RE ON OUR WAY...  
REGGIE: ON OUR WAY...WHERE ?  
JACK: I DON'T KNOW...THE TELEGRAM SAID WE'D FIND A MOTOR LAUNCH WAITING FOR US AT THE DOCK...  
DOC: (GRUMBLES) IF WE EVER FIND IT...HEEEY, DAD-BLAST IT !  
REGGIE: WHAT'S THE MATTER ?  
DOC: AAAAW, I WENT AN STEPPED INTO SOMETHIN'...  
REGGIE: (CHUCKLES)  
DOC: IF THERE'S ANYTHING FER MILES AROUND TO STEP IN, I'M THE FELLER THAT STEPS IN IT...  
JACK: (AMUSED) TAKE IT EASY, OLD BOY...  
DOC: WELL, BLAST IT ALL ANYWAY...  
REGGIE: YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE THE LAUNCH IS TAKING US ?

JACK: NO...WE'RE TO BE RUN ACROSS PUGET SOUND TO SOME LITTLE TOWN AND AFTER THAT WE'RE ON OUR OWN...

REGGIE: SOUNDS A BIT INDEFINITE...

JACK: WELL, AFTER ALL THAT'S OUR JOB...IF THE INSURANCE COMPANY KNEW WHERE ALEXANDER ARCHER WAS THEY'D GO GET HIM THEMSELVES.

DOC: WHAT MAKES 'EM THINK HE'S UP IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY ?

JACK: I DON'T KNOW, BUT THEY MUST BE RIGHT...

REGGIE: WHY DO YOU THINK THAT ?

JACK: BECAUSE IF WE WERE ON THE WRONG TRACK, WE WOULDN'T BE HAVING SO MUCH TROUBLE WITH THE GANG THAT DOESN'T WANT US TO FIND HIM.

DOC: HEY, I HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT...

JACK: HOLD IT...WHAT'S THIS WAREHOUSE SAY ?

DOC: YOU TELL ME...

JACK: THERE'S SOMETHING UP THERE...I CAN'T READ IT...HEY, DOC, YOU'RE THE LIGHTEST...CLIMB UP ON REGGIE'S SHOULDER...HUNCH OVER, REGGIE.

REGGIE: RIGHTO...

JACK: COME ON, DOC...

DOC: (EXERTION) THINK I'M SOME KIND OF A SQUIRREL...HEY, HOLD STILL, REGGIE...

REGGIE: (STRAINS) (AMUSED) I SAY GET YOUR KNEE OUT OF MY NECK...

JACK: I'LL HANG ONTO YOUR FEET...STAND UP...

DOC: YEAH, SO WHEN I FALL, I'LL LIGHT ON MY HEAD...

JACK: DOC, WILL YOU STOP HORSEING AROUND...

DOC: AW RIGHT...AW RIGHT...

JACK: CAN YOU SEE ?

DOC: YEAH...JUST A MINUTE...YEAH, IT SAYS "BELTS IRON FOUNDRY"...

JACK: ALL RIGHT, THIS IS IT...JUMP DOWN...

DOC: (STRAINS) YEP...

SOUND: (JUMPING ON WOODEN FLOOR)

DOC: WHAT WE NEED IN THIS OUTFIT IS A TRAPESE PERFORMER...

REGGIE: WHAT DO WE DO NOW, JACK ?

JACK: THERE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A PIER RIGHT OUT IN FRONT... THE LAUNCH SHOULD BE TIED OUT THERE...

DOC: I DON'T SEE NO PIER...

JACK: WELL, IT'S THERE...COME ON...

DOC: (GRUMBLES) FIRST THING YOU KNOW WE'RE A-GONNA BE UP TO OUR ARMPITS IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN...

JACK: NOT OCEAN...PUGET SOUND...

DOC: WELL, IT'S JUST AS WET...

REGGIE: I SAY, THIS MUST BE IT...

JACK: YEAH, KEEP GOING...

DOC: WE WOULD HAVE TO PICK A FOGGY NIGHT...

JACK: STOP GRUMBLING...

DOC: (BELLIGERENT) WHY ?

REGGIE: (CHUCKLES)

DOC: THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW...JES' PLAIN WHY ?

JACK: BECAUSE I'M TIRED OF HEARING YOU...THAT REASON ENOUGH ?

DOC: RECKON SO, SON...ALL YOU GOT TO DO IS GIVE MA A REASON.. HEY, AIN'T THEM LIGHTS AHEAD...DOWN CLOSE TO THE WATER ?

REGGIE: QUITE...THAT MUST BE IT...

JACK: WATCH OUT FOR THE STEPS GOING DOWN TO THE WATER...  
DOC: (GRUMBLES) FALL DOWN 'EM AND BUST OUR NECKS...  
JACK: I HOPE YOU DO...  
DOC: (ANGRY) WELL I PROBABLY WILL...  
JACK: OH, SHUT UP.  
REGGIE: (CHUCKLES)  
VOICE: (BACK LITTLE) HEY, YOU....  
JACK: (SHARP) WHO SAID THAT ?  
VOICE: (COMING TO MIKE) HERE...ARE YOU JACK PACKARD.....  
JACK: THAT'S RIGHT....  
VOICE: THE LAUNCH IS RIGHT DOWN BELOW...WATCH THE STEPS...  
FOLLOW RIGHT BEHIND ME...  
SOUND: (SEVERAL FOOTSTEPS GOING DOWN WOODEN STEPS)  
(WATER LAPPING COMES UP TO FULL MIKE)  
VOICE: BELAY THERE...ALL RIGHT, INTO THE BOAT WITH YOU...  
DOC: CAIN'T SEE A DURNED THING...  
VOICE: JUST STEP DOWN...YOU'RE ALL RIGHT...  
DOC: (EXERTION) THERE...OH, YEAH, HERE'S A PLACE TO SIT  
DOWN...  
JACK: ALL RIGHT, SLIDE OVER...  
DOC: HUH...SURE....  
REGGIE: (AMUSED) BALLY WELL HAVE TO TAKE THINGS FOR GRANTED...  
VOICE: (UP) ALL RIGHT, BILL...TURN HER OVER AND CAST OFF...  
SOUND: (MOTORBOAT STARTING)  
DOC: WELL, FELLERS, WE'RE ON THE WAY...  
JACK: (UP LITTLE) HOW MUCH OF A TRIP IS IT...  
VOICE: YOU TALKIN' TO ME ?  
JACK: YES—HOW MUCH OF A TRIP HAVE WE GOT AHEAD OF US ?  
VOICE: COUPLE OF HOURS...  
REGGIE: I SAY, A BIT ALL RIGHT, WHAT ?  
JACK: SOON AS WE GET ACROSS, WE'LL FIND A HOTEL AND GET A  
GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP--  
MAN: (FRENCH-CANUCK) (BACK) (EXCITED) HEEY...HEEY THERE.  
COME BACK HERE...YOU GOT THE WRONG BOAT.  
REGGIE: I SAY...  
MAN: YOU GOT THE WRONG BOAT....COME BACK...I GOT THE BOAT  
YOU WANT...  
JACK: HEY, WHAT DOES HE MEAN ?  
DOC: YEAH, WHAT'S HE MEAN WE GOT THE WRONG BOAT ?  
VOICE: CRAZY OLD FOOL...THAT'S CRAZY FRENCH...  
REGGIE: BUT LOOK HERE...HE SAID THE "WRONG BOAT".  
VOICE: I KNOW IT...EVERY TIME ANY OTHER BOAT ON THE SOUND  
TAKES OUT A LOAD OF PASSENGERS, HE ACTS LIKE THAT...  
ALWAYS TRYIN' TO GET A LOAD FOR HIS BOAT.  
DOC: (AMUSED) THAT WHAT IT IS...  
VOICE: THAT'S IT...  
DOC: (AMUSED) SURE ACTED PLENTY UNHAPPY...  
VOICE: CAN'T STAND HERE TALKING...GOT TO GO BACK AND TAKE OVER.  
REGGIE: (PAUSE) JACK...  
JACK: YES ?  
REGGIE: YOU DON'T SUPPOSE WE COULD HAVE TAKEN THE WRONG BOAT,  
DO YOU ?  
JACK: THAT'S WHAT I WAS THINKING...  
DOC: HEEY...YOU THINK --  
JACK: AND I'M ALSO THINKING THIS IS A FINE TIME TO FIND OUT  
ABOUT IT.  
DOC: WELL, WHAT ARE WE A-WAITIN' FOR...LET'S DO SOMETHIN'  
ABOUT IT.

JACK: SIT DOWN, Doc...

DOC: BUT LOOKY, FELLOW --

JACK: SIT DOWN, WILL YOU...LET'S FIGURE THIS OUT...

DOC: WELL, I DON'T MIND TELLIN' YOU I DON'T LIKE IT...

JACK: THIS MAN IN OUR BOAT CALLED ME PACKARD, SO HE WAS EXPECTING US ALL RIGHT...

REGGIE: BUT SEE HERE, JACK, WE HAVEN'T MADE A MOVE SO FAR THAT COOPER AND HIS GANG HAVEN'T KNOWN ABOUT BEFOREHAND...

JACK: I KNOW THAT...BUT HOW COULD THEY HAVE FOUND OUT ABOUT OUR ORDERS TO COME TO THE WATERFRONT...WE ONLY GOT THE TELEGRAM ABOUT TEN MINUTES BEFORE WE LEFT THE HOTEL...

DOC: WELL, MAYBE THEY SEEN THE TELEGRAM BEFORE IT WAS BROUGHT UP TO US...

REGGIE: OR THAT CHAP NICK IN NEW YORK MIGHT HAVE WIRED THEM... HE CERTAINLY WARNED THEM ABOUT US ARRIVING IN SEATTLE...

JACK: IT COULD BE DONE ALL RIGHT...

DOC: WELL, THEN, DOGGONE IT, LET'S MAKE THESE HOMBRES TURN THIS BOAT AROUND...

JACK: WE MIGHT TRY...

DOC: WATCHA MEAN...TRY...THEY'S ONLY TWO OF THEM TO THREE OF US...

JACK: IF THEY'RE PART OF THE GANG, THEY'RE ARMED...WE'RE NOT...THEY COULD SHOOT US DOWN BEFORE WE COULD MOVE...

DOC: IN THE DARK?...THEY COULDN'T HIT THE SIDE OF A BARN...

JACK: WHAT DO YOU THINK, REGGIE?

REGGIE: I'M FOR IT...

DOC: DOGGONE RIGHT...LET'S GO BACK AND SEE WHAT FRENCH'S GOT TO SAY FOR HISSELF, ANYWAY...

JACK: ALL RIGHT, HERE WE GO...

BILL: MOVE, AND YOU'RE DEAD MEN...ALL OF YOU.

DOC: HEEY, WHO SAID THAT?

BILL: NEVER MIND...JUST DON'T MOVE...

REGGIE: I SAY, JACK, HE HEARD EVERY WORD WE SAID.

BILL: (AMUSED) THAT'S RIGHT.

DOC: WHY, YOU LONG-EARED CIFFY CAT --

BILL: QUIET...

DOC: WHAT ABOUT IT, JACK, ARE WE A-GONNA SIT HERE AND TAKE THAT?

JACK: LOOKS LIKE IT...

DOC: WELL, I'LL BE A TWO-HORNED BLUE JAY --

JACK: Doc...

DOC: HUH?

JACK: CUT IT OUT...

DOC: YOU MEAN WE AIN'T A-GONNA DO NOTHIN'?

JACK: THAT'S RIGHT...

BILL: NOW YOU'RE TALKING SENSE...JES' RELAX AND ENJOY THE RIDE...

DOC: WELL, I DON'T MIND TELLIN' YOU, FELLER..I JES' PLAIN DON'T LIKE YOUR FACE...

BILL: HOW DO YOU KNOW...YOU AIN'T NEVER SEEN IT...

DOC: I KIN TELL BY THE TONE OF YOUR VOICE, I DON'T...

BILL: (SURLY) YOU TALK TOO MUCH...

DOC: I AIN'T BEGUN TO SAY WHAT I'M A-THINKIN'...

BILL: THAT SO....

DOC: YEAH, THAT'S SO... AND THEY'S SOMETHIN' ELSE I JES' THOUGHT OF, JACK...

JACK: WHAT'S THAT?

DOC: WELL, LOOKY, KIN YOU SEE THIS HOMBRE WE'RE A-TALKIN' TO?



JACK: No...

DOC: WELL, NEITHER KIN I...KIN YOU, REGGIE ?

REGGIE: No, I CAN'T...AND I'VE BALLY NEAR STRAINED MY EYES TRYIN' TO.

DOC: OKAY, IF WE CAIN'T SEE HIM...HOW THE HECK KIN HE SEE US.

REGGIE: Oh, I SAY --

DOC: SURE, AND IF HE CAN'T SEE US HOW'S HE GONNA SHOOT US ?

BILL: (THREATENING) ONE OF YOU BOZOS MAKE ONE MOVE...

DOC: YEAH, WHATCHA THINK'D HAPPEN ?

BILL: Go ON...TRY IT...MY TRIGGER FINGER'S JUST ICHING...

DOC: YOU THINK HE'S BLUFFIN', JACK ?

JACK: YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE...

DOC: WELL, WHY DON'T WE CHANCE IT...AT LEAST WE'D GIT SOME ACTION FER OUR MONEY...

JACK: (AMUSED) GOT ANTS IN YOUR PANTS, DOC ?

DOC: YES, I HAVE, DAD-BLAME IT...HOW YOU AND REGGIE KIN SIT THERE LIKE A COUPLE OF PUNKINS --

SOUND: (STOP MOTOR BEHIND DOC'S LINE...WATER SLOPPING AGAINST SIDE OF BOAT)

REGGIE: JACK, THEY'VE KILLED THE MOTOR...

BILL: THIS IS WHERE YOU MUGS GET OFF...HOW DO YOU LIKE IT ?

DOC: GIT OFF ? I DON'T SEE NO LAND...

BILL: IT'S THERE, THOUGH...ABOUT A QUARTER OF A MILE STRAIGHT DOWN.

REGGIE: Oh, LOOK HERE --

JACK: YOU MEAN YOU WANT US TO JUMP OVERBOARD ?

BILL: NOT UNTIL YOU'RE DRESSED FOR IT...

DOC: HEY, WHAT THE HECK YOU TALKIN' ABOUT...I AIN'T A-HONIN' TO GO SWIMMIN' DRESS OR NO DRESS...

BILL: Oh, YOU WON'T MIND IT WITH A SACK OVER YOUR HEAD AND A PIECE OF IRON BAR TIED TO YOUR FEET...NOT FOR LONG, ANYWAY...

REGGIE: I SAY, THE CHAPPIE HAS A SENSE OF HUMOR...

DOC: WELL, I'LL BE A SMELLY ONION IF THEY'RE GONNA TIE ANY IRON BAR TO MY FEET. . .

VOICE: (COMING TO MIKE) ALL RIGHT, BILL, YOU READY?

BILL: YEAH, LET'S DUMP 'EM AND GET OUT OF HERE... WHERE'S JAKE?

VOICE: HE'S BRINGING UP THE ROPE AND HUNKS OF IRON...

BILL: How A OUT A LITTLE LIGHT TO WORK IN ?

VOICE: No...ANY PASSING CRAFT SEEING A LIGHT DRIFTING OUT HERE WOULD GET NOSEY...WHAT'S KEEPING JAKE?... (GUARDED CALL) HEEEEY, JAKE...

BILL: BETTER GO SEE WHAT'S THE MATTER...

VOICE: WELL, KEEP THAT ROD ON THEM FELLERS...(LEAVING MIKE) THEY'RE TRICKY...

BILL: YOU BOZOS HEAR THAT? (SLIGHT PAUSE) ...HEY, YOU PUNKS, DID YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID ?...(ALARM) HEY, YOU GUYS...

VOICE: (UP) JOE...JAKE...COME HERE...

BILL: (BACK) WHAT'S THE MATTER, BILL ?

VOICE: (UP) COME HERE... I THINK THEY'VE GONE OVER THE SIDE... (COMING TO MIKE) WHAT DO YOU MEAN, OVER THE SIDE ? WHERE WERE YOU AND YOUR GUN...

BILL: WHAT KIN I DO IN THE DARK? I DIDN'T HEAR A SOUND... THEY WERE SITTING RIGHT --

JACK: (SHARP) GO GET THEM...

DOC: WHOOPEEEEE...

SOUND: (OF WRESTLING, FIGHTING CRASH OF WOOD...FISTS)

VOICE: (GASPING YELL) JAKE...JAKE...GIVE US A HAND...

DOC: (STRAINS) I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND...  
SOUND: (OF FIST ON JAW)  
REGGIE: (PUFFING) GOOD WORK, DOC...  
JACK: (GASPING) LOOK OUT FOR BILL AND HIS GUN...  
REGGIE: (PUFFING) HE HASN'T GOT IT...I KNOCKED IT OUT OF HIS HAND...  
BILL: THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK...  
SOUND: (OF THREE SHOTS IN ROW)  
JACK: GET HIM...GET THAT MAN...  
REGGIE: RIGHT0000.....  
SOUND: (OF CRASH AND TUMBLE...THEN BIG SPLASH)  
DOC: REGGIE...REGGIE...YOU ALL RIGHT ?  
REGGIE: (GASPS) I SAY, I'M ALL RIGHT...I KNOCKED BILL OVERBOARD, THOUGH...  
DOC: HEY, JACK, MAN OVERBOARD...  
JACK: HERE'S SOME ROPE...DID YOU KNOCK HIM OUT, REGGIE ?  
REGGIE: I DON'T KNOW--  
BILL: (BACK) HELP...HELP...THROW ME A LINE...  
REGGIE: THERE HE IS...RIGHT IN CLOSE...  
JACK: GOT TO GUESS AT IT...(UP) (EXERTION) HERE IT COMES, BILL...  
BILL: (BACK) THROW IT...THROW IT...I CAN'T SWIM...  
JACK: I DID THROW IT...  
BILL: (BACK) I GOT IT...I GOT IT...PULL ME IN...  
JACK: (PANTING) HELP ME, REGGIE...HEAVE ON IT...  
REGGIE: (STRAINS) HEEEEP...  
DOC: I KIN HEAR HIM...HE'S RIGHT ALONGSIDE....GIVE ME YOUR HAND, FELLER....  
REGGIE: I'VE GOT HIM BY THE COLLAR...(STRAINS) UUUUUUUUP WITH HIM...  
SOUND: (OF WATER DISTURBANCE)  
DOC: (EXHALES) THERE YOU ARE, YOU YALLER-TAILED POLECAT...  
BILL: (GASPS) I CAN'T SWIM...  
DOC: I DON'T KNOW WHY WE DIDN'T HOLD YOU UNDER 'STEAD OF PULLIN' YOU OUT...  
JACK: TIE HIM UP, REGGIE...I'M TAKING CARE OF THIS OTHER WOULD-BE TOUGH GUY...  
DOC: (AMUSED) YEAH, I SURE LANDED RIGHT ON HIS KISSER...  
JACK: APPARENTLY YOU DID...HE HASN'T MOVED SINCE...  
DOC: HEY, WHAT ABOUT THAT OTHER FELLER...THE GUY THEY CALLED JAKE ?  
JACK: HE DOESN'T SEEM TO LIKE OUR PARTY...  
DOC: YEAH, AIN'T SEEN HIDE NOR HAIR OF HIM.....  
REGGIE: THERE, THAT SHOULD HOLD OUR FRIEND BILL...  
JACK: ALL RIGHT...LET'S GO SEE WHAT JAKE HAS TO SAY FOR HIMSELF.  
DOC: YOU BET YOU...SHUXENS, THAT OTHER FIGHT DIDN'T HARDLY GIT MY BLOOD TO CIRCULATING...  
REGGIE: (AMUSED) I DON'T EXPECT WE'LL GET MUCH OF A FIGHT OUT OF JAKE...  
DOC: WELL, LOOKY...HOW ABOUT ME TAKIN' HIM ON ALONE...  
JES' FOR THE EXERCISE...  
REGGIE: (CHUCKLES)  
JACK: WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM, FIRST...(UP) HEEY, JAKE, COME ON OUT...YOU MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP...  
DOC: (UP) YEAH, FELLER...ALL'S OUT'S IN FREE...  
REGGIE: (CHUCKLES)

JACK: HERE, WAIT A MINUTE...IF WE TURN ON SOME LIGHTS HE'LL  
BE EASIER TO FIND...  
DOC: YEAH, IF YOU KNOW WHERE THEY ARE...  
SOUND: (SUDDEN BIG WASH OF WAVES SPLASHING AGAINST BOAT)  
REGGIE: I SAY...  
DOC: HEY, WHAT'S MAKIN' THEM BIG WAVES ?  
JACK: (EXCITED) Doc...REGGIE...JUMP...WE'RE BEING RUN DOWN...  
DOC: HEEY...LOOK OUT...LOOK OUT....  
SOUND: (OF CRASH AS BIG FREIGHTER CRUSHES LAUNCH...BIG  
DISTURBANCE OF WATER...THEN SOUND OF BIG SHIP'S  
PROPELLER THRESHING WATER SLOWLY FADING OUT)  
DOC: (GASPING) JACK...REGGIE...  
REGGIE: (BACK LITTLE) I SAY, HERE I AM...WHERE'S JACK ?  
JACK: (BACK LITTLE) HELLO...EVERYBODY ALL RIGHT ?  
DOC: WELL, I CAN'T TOUCH BOTTOM, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN...  
REGGIE: I SAY, WHAT HIT US ?  
JACK: BIG FREIGHTER...WENT RIGHT ON...DIDN'T EVEN KNOW IT...  
REGGIE: I SAY, WHAT ABOUT BILL AND THOSE OTHER TWO ?  
JACK: THAT'S THEIR HARD LUCK...THE QUESTION IS, WHAT ABOUT US?  
DOC: WELL, IF WE GOTTA DROWN, I DON'T KNOW ANY PURTIER PLACE  
THAN THIS HERE PUGET SOUND !  
SOUND (TRAIN WHISTLE...TRAIN)  
(MUSIC:.....ORGAN...THEME)  
SOUND: (SIREN...SKTD TO STOP)  
ANNOUNCER: THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JACK, DOC AND REGGIE WILL COME  
TO YOU TOMORROW AT THIS SAME HOUR. I LOVE A MYSTERY,  
WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY CARLTON E. MORSE, COMES TO YOU  
MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY, FEATURING RUSSEL THORSON AS JACK  
PACKARD, \_\_\_\_\_ AS DOC LONG, AND \_\_\_\_\_ AS  
REGGIE YORK, WITH \_\_\_\_\_ AS VOICE AND \_\_\_\_\_ AS BILL.

CONTINUITY - CARLTON E. MORSE